

The
Barnard
Annual.





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THE
BARNARD ANNUAL.

Published by the Undergraduate
Association

OF

BARNARD COLLEGE.

NEW YORK :
343 MADISON AVENUE.
1895.

TO
The Rev. Arthur Brooks, D. D.,
THE BOARD OF EDITORS
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATE THIS, THE SECOND NUMBER OF
THE BARNARD ANNUAL.

“SUNT BONA, SUNT QUAEDAM MEDIOCRIA, SUNT MALA
PLURA QUAE LEGIS HIC: ALITER NON FIT,
AMICI, LIBER.”

With deep regret we announce to the readers of the Barnard Annual the death, on February 6th, 1895, of Helen Brigham Crocker, Senior Editor of last year's Annual. Feeling that to her faithful and untiring effort the first number of the Annual owed so much of its success, we desire here to express our appreciation of her labors and our sorrow at her early death.

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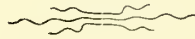
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Jones, Eliza,	.	.	New York City.
Landau, Laura,	.	.	North Tarrytown, N. Y.

† Deceased.

THE ASSOCIATE ALUMNAE

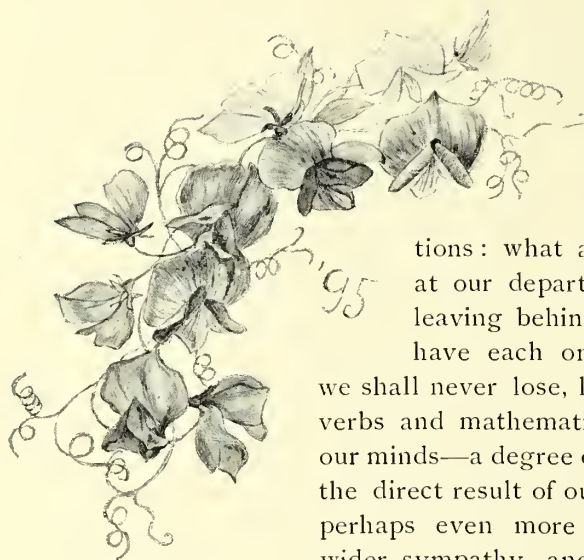
OF

BARNARD COLLEGE.

In the present year of grace on the 25th day of January, a new society came into being, an outgrowth of Barnard College, fraught with potential advantages for her. On that day the classes of '93 and '94 united their forces,—and though few in number, who shall say their united energies were to be scorned?—with the result that the Associate Alumnae of Barnard College was organized.

Rapid growth of the Association was so confidently expected that the work of framing a constitution was felt to be a serious obligation. Future generations were to be legislated for and the members of the committee went to work in a true new womanly spirit, opposed in all respects to that which has recently characterized other important legislative bodies in this country. Under the constitution as finally adopted, a president, vice-president, recording secretary, and a treasurer, to hold office for two years, were elected. The constitution also provides for three committees: the executive, consisting of the officers and of four members to hold office for six years; the finance, consisting of the president, the treasurer and the chairmen of all committees; and the conference committee, consisting of three members to hold office for two years. The duties of the first two committees are readily understood. The conference committee is "empowered to confer with representatives of the Undergraduate Association of Barnard College upon questions of common interest, and the chairman of the conference committee is empowered to confer with the Board of Trustees of Barnard College, subject to the approval of the executive committee."

From these provisions it will be seen that the intention of those who have founded the Associate Alumnae is to keep the graduates in close touch with the college. They recognize how much pleasure and profit they have derived from their college life, and they mean to give material expression to their gratitude.



As we, the class of '95, sum up in our minds the result of our four years' life at Barnard, we ask of ourselves two ques-

tions: what are we taking with us at our departure, and what are we leaving behind? As to the first we have each one of us gained what we shall never lose, however quickly Greek verbs and mathematical formulæ fade from our minds—a degree of intellectual breadth, the direct result of our college course, and, perhaps even more valuable than this, a wider sympathy, and a capability for appreciating those with whom we have come in contact for what they really are. This much we owe to the atmosphere of Barnard.

What we leave behind us is a question more difficult to answer. From our Freshman days we have been impressed with the feeling that we were making traditions, and, in a manner, determining the future tone of the college; that these traditions should embody nothing but what is truly womanly, and that a striving after the highest ideals should be the spirit of the college; to bring this about has been our honest effort. In this our last appearance in the Barnard Annual, may we not call upon the classes of the future to cherish, too, that highest ideal of what Barnard should be, which, to the minds of the class of '95, is the true college spirit.

IV. YEAR CLASS.

"Οἶτον ἔχων.

OLD ROSE—SWEET PEA.

Officers.

President, CAROLINE GARNAR BROMBACHER.

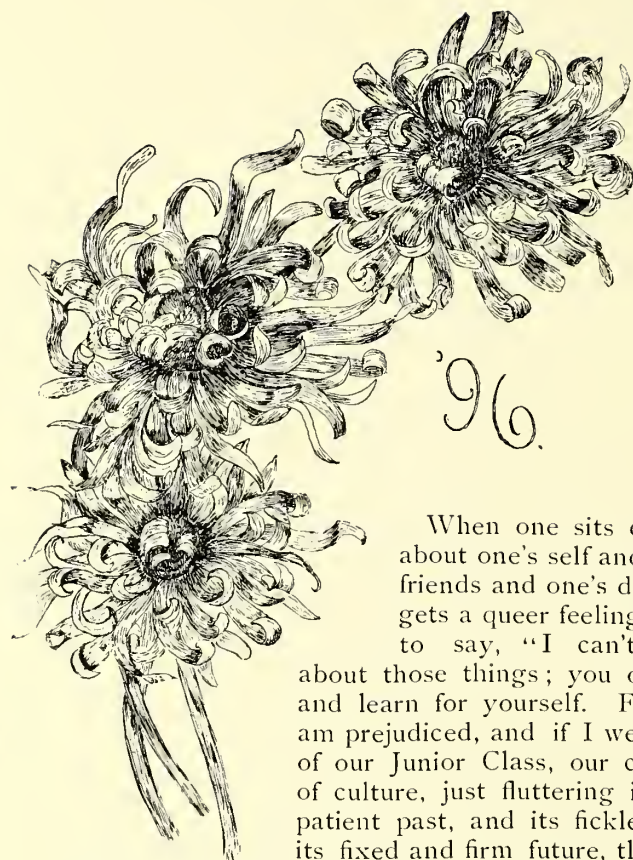
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Parsons, Mabel,	.	.	New York City.
Seligsberg, Alice Lillie,	.	.	New York City.
Swenson, Celeste,	.	.	Flushing, N. Y.
Tatlock, Jeanne Willard,	.	.	Stamford, Conn.
Whithed, Gratia,	.	.	New York City.
Liggett, Mrs. N. W.	.	.	Honorary Member.



When one sits down to write about one's self and one's dearest friends and one's daily work, one gets a queer feeling, which seems to say, "I can't tell anyone about those things; you ought to come and learn for yourself. For I, you see, am prejudiced, and if I were to tell you of our Junior Class, our commonwealth of culture, just fluttering into life, of its patient past, and its fickle present, and its fixed and firm future, then you might find me out, and you might not believe all I say, and that would be so much confidence and time wasted."

Perhaps, too, there is not much to be said. The past was long; it was a year to break down old realities, and a year to build up the new, before the culture-ideal had a basis to rest on. Now that it has come, it is true enough to our minds; its fickleness is all in its relation to our lives. And therefore precisely we have made this personal ideal our common ideal, that by mutual aid and co-operation we may chain its past to our doings and leavings—bind it down to its duties as the guide of conduct. That is its present history. Its future is the time when we will look back and say: "The work was hard, but not done in vain."

III. YEAR CLASS.

Sapere Aude.

YELLOW—CHRYSANTHEMUM.

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Wolff, Gertrude,	.	New York City.



The marvelous brilliancy of '97 is no longer a subject for fond prophecies, such as the unparalleled precocity of our Freshman year inspired. It is an established fact, and thoroughly familiar to the public. But as one cannot say a true thing too often, we are thankful for another opportunity of assuring our numerous admirers that their approbation is well merited. We would cheerfully give specific examples of our exceptional scholarship, were we not unwilling to rouse anew the jealousy of the other terms of the comparison. By degrees we are growing accustomed to hearing it said, "This is the best class I ever had." Other classes boast of a quasi originality: but for the

practical elaborations of these embryo ideas, purported to originate in their brains, we are invariably resorted to. Other classes are vaguely said to be bright: but with us it is something more substantial than mere scintillating sparks. As for—but why prolong examples? We dismiss the audacious Freshmen with a warning that bustle is not industry.

We rejoice in a motto taken from Euripides, the late lamented tragedian, ἀλλὰ γὰρ ἐστὶν μοῦσα καὶ ἡμῖν. When it was first chosen, the usual committee was appointed for the purpose of ascertaining its meaning, if possible. One editor was found to render it, "spirit of inquiry." Taken in this sense we have certainly lived up to its spirit. Almost any day, though the centigrade thermometer be below zero, one may find the laboratory windows doubled and the room filled with villainous odors which enthusiastic students working extra hours appear not to perceive. If

they were required to do this as punishment, there would be indignation meetings and resolutions. Our acts of charity are many. We confer an inestimable benefit upon posterity by the invention of a never-failing method of getting up history. We generously announce it to all the world, simply evolve it from the inner consciousness. 'Twere vain to trust to reference books which are scarcer than the dodo.

We are versatile and are represented in every college organization. We are the criterion in the matter of entertainments which we tender profusely and for which we shall receive the reward promised in the Scriptures to those who give without return.

A record such as this necessarily excites envy and satirical comment, but, like the old picture of St. Sebastian bristling with darts, we smile complacently through it all. One of the most powerful enemies which annoyed us as Freshmen is no more—Father Time himself. We write themes now and have managed to kill him.

II. YEAR CLASS.

ἀλλὰ γὰρ ἐστὶν μοῦσα καὶ ἡμῖν.

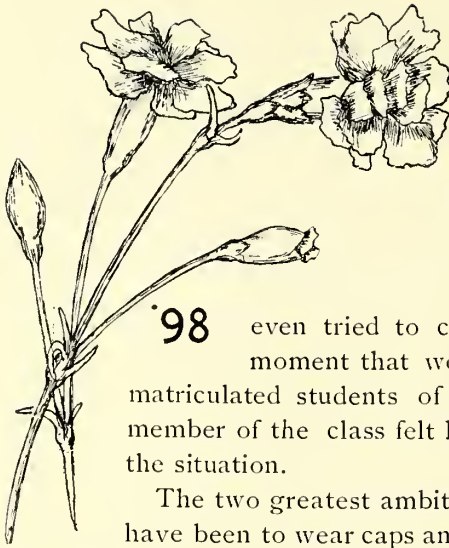
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Dowden, Florence Anderson,	Newark, N. J.
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Fletcher, Priscilla,	Yonkers, N. Y.
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Roe, Clara Louise,	New York City.
Sackett, Edith Rice,	New York City.
Shaw, Louise,	Hackensack, N. J.
Stratford, Aline Croquet,	Brooklyn.
Sumner, Anne Porter,	New York City.
Wheelock, Adaline Caswell,	New York City.
Wilcox, Maude,	Pelham Manor, N. Y.



Someone⁷ has said, "Love and Smoke are unable to conceal themselves," and one might assert that the same truth applied to Freshmen. At any rate the Class of '98 has never

'98 even tried to conceal itself. From the moment that we were enrolled as "duly matriculated students of Barnard College," each member of the class felt herself to be mistress of the situation.

The two greatest ambitions of the class thus far have been to wear caps and gowns and to be graduated up-town. The cap-and-gown question has been discussed for hours; numerous committees have been appointed at different times to investigate the subject, and the caps and gowns have at length materialized. May the other ambition not fail of its consummation!

The Freshmen were most hospitably received by the upper classes. Their guardian-angels, the Sophomores, took it upon themselves to mystify and properly to intimidate their charges. But the process of intimidation was so closely followed by a charming entertainment that the Freshmen forgot all their feelings of awe (if any were inspired in first place), and a feeling of good will was inaugurated between '97 and '98, which remains undisturbed.

The class stands alone in the enviable distinction of having for its honorary member, the Dean.

Our color—a carnation scarlet—expresses ardor in the pursuit of knowledge.

Our 'class cry—*ὄκτω καὶ ἐνεήκοντα*, Barnard, '98,—is suggestive of the classics. Our motto—*Κάτεχε τὰ καλά*—denotes our zeal for the beautiful.

I. YEAR CLASS.

κάτεχε τὰ καλά.

SCARLET—CARNATION.

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<i>Treasurer,</i>	KATHARINE STOCKTON HAWKINS.
<i>Historian,</i>	JESSIE WALLACE HUGHAN.

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Newcomb, Edith Derby,	.	Brooklyn.
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Stern, Stella George,	.	New Orleans, La.
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Wells, Ida Eloise,	.	Rahway, N. J.
Smith, Emily James, Dean,	.	Honorary Member.

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Seward, Lidie K.,	.	New York City.
Seligsberg, Alice,	.	New York City.
Smythe, Helen G.,	.	New York City.
Spence, Madeleine,	.	New York City.
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Wallach, Gertrude,	.	New York City.
Whithed, Gratia,	.	New York City.

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Elder, Harriet B.,	.	Pittsfield, Mass.
Lockwood, Louise Benedict,		Stamford, Conn.
Shadell, Estelle,	.	Reading, Pa.
Sturges, Kate,	.	Englewood, N. J.
Watterson, Ada,	.	New York City.
Walker, Mrs. Harriet B.,	.	Leonia, N. J.

III. Year Class.

Atwater, Jane,	.	.	Brooklyn.
Burnett, Katharine,	.	.	New York City.
Elder, Harriet B.,	.	.	Pittsfield, Mass.
Knight, Mary,	.	.	New York City.

IV. Year Class.

Isaacs, Alice M.,	.	.	New York City.
Kraemer, Henry,	.	.	New York City.
Sturges, Kate,	.	.	Englewood, N. J.
Satterlee, Marion,	.	.	New York City.
Taylor, Alexandrina,	.	.	Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Advanced Course.

Dow, Bertha,	.	.	New York City.
McEwen, Marion,	.	.	Brooklyn.
Pettit, Mrs. Herbert,	.	.	Lawrence Station, N. Y.
Pearson, Agnes L.,	.	.	Mount Vernon, N. Y.
Southworth, Effie,	.	.	Forestville, N. Y.

DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY.

Osborne, Eleanor,	.	.	New York City.
Smiley, Virginia,	.	.	Brooklyn.
Shadell, Estelle,	.	.	Reading, Pa.

THE UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS.

President, . . . CAROLINE GARNAR BROMBACHER, '95.
Vice-President, . FLORENCE COLGATE, '95.
Secretary, . . . MARY STONE, '96.
Treasurer, . . . MAUDE WILCOX, '97.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Celeste C. Swenson, '95,
Jessie May Wendover, '96,
Florence Anderson Dowden, '97,
Fannie Isabel Alward, '98.

SELF-GOVERNMENT COMMITTEE.

Jeanne Willard Tatlock, '95,
Eva Sherwood Potter, '96,
Mary Bergmann Dobbs, '97,
Ida Eloise Wells, '98.

CONFERENCE COMMITTEE.

Caroline Garnar Brombacher, '95,
Anna Cole Mellick, '96,
Clara Louise Roe, '97.

In the fall of 1892, when Barnard for the first time had its full complement of regular classes, the Undergraduate Association was organized. Even before that time, the need of some sort of organization which could act with authority concerning matters affecting the students as a whole, had been felt, and this Association was intended to meet that need.

The membership is composed of all undergraduates who belong to the regular class organizations. Special students are excluded because, as they are now situated, the interests of the two bodies of students differ greatly.

The Undergraduate Association constitutes at the same time a self-government association, the students being restricted practically by no rules except those which they themselves make.

The history of the Association, though short, has not been uneventful. The work of the college settlement first attracted the attention of its members, and this year the interest has so grown as to lead to the formation of a Chapter at Barnard College.

Impulse has been given to the social life of the college by the teas which the Association holds every month, and which it is hoped will not only encourage social life within the college, but will also bring it more in touch with the outside world. For two years the Association has undertaken the publication of a college paper. These few instances are sufficient to indicate how varied are the interests of the Association.

The effect of such an organization on the students is worthy of mention. It brings together and affords a common interest to the members of the different classes, thus tending at the same time to destroy any trace of unfriendly feeling between them, very little of which to be sure is to be found at Barnard, and to foster the growth of a rational and desirable college spirit.

**MEMBERS OF THE BARNARD CHAPTER OF THE
COLLEGE SETTLEMENT ASSOCIATION.**

FACULTY MEMBERS.

Dean Smith, Dr. Gregory.

GRADUATE MEMBERS.

Garretson, Jessie Boyne, '93, Pullman, Mary Stewart, '93,
Keys, Alice Maplesden, '93, Baldwin, Mrs. Chas. Sears, '94,
Knight, Clarita, '93, Bridgart, Eva Rollinson, '94,
Levy, Laura Grace, '93, Bryson, Mrs. F. G., '94,
Parker, Mrs. George H., '93, Demarest, Estella, '94,
Pollitzer, Mrs. Sigmund, '93, Jones, Eliza, '94.

UNDERGRADUATE MEMBERS.

Brombacher, Caroline Garnar, Meltzer, Clara, '96,
'95, Elkus, Estelle, '97,
Colgate, Florence, '95, Fenton, Grace, '97,
Junge, Antonie, '95, Roe, Clara Louise, '97,
Lockwood, Louise Benedict, Shaw, Louise, '97,
'95, Sumner, Anne Porter, '97,
Parsons, Mabel, '95, Wheelock, Adaline Caswell,
'97,
Tatlock, Jeanne Willard, '95, Wilcox, Maude, '97,
Seligsberg, Alice, '95, Alward, Fannie Isabel, '98,
Swenson, Celeste, '95, Berg, Clara de Lissa, '98,
Chase, Alice Goddard, '96, Boetzkes, Edith, '98,
Clews, Elsie, '96, Hawkins, Katharine, '98,
Hammerslough, Carrie, '96, Hughan, Jessie Wallace, '98,
Harris, May Bradford, '96, Lacey, Louise, '98,
Hart, Ada Hinde, '96, Lathrop, Roselle, '98,
Kinsela, Juliet, '96, Leaycraft, Agnes, '98,
Mellick, Anna Cole, '96, Martin, Frances, '98,

Place, Louise, '96,	More, Mary Baldwin, '98,
Potter, Eva Sherwood, '96,	Myers, Susan Isabella, '98,
Sutphen, Anne Janet, '96,	Newcomb, Edith Derby, '98,
Van Riper, Bertha Steele, '96,	Pollard, Grace, '98,
Wendover, Jessie, '96,	St. Clair, Helen, '98,
Wolff, Gertrude, '96,	Stern, Stella George, '98,
Baldwin, Agnes, '97,	Von Sholly, Anna Irene, '98,
Dobbs, Mary Bergmann, '97,	Wells, Ida Eloise, '98.
Dunn, Louise, '97,	

SPECIAL STUDENT MEMBERS.

Choate, Mabel,	Osborne, Eleanor Frances,
Crane, A. B.,	Seward, Lidie K.,
Ely, Mrs. John S.,	Southworth, Effie A.

OFFICERS.

GRADUATE ELECTOR.

Garretson, Jessie Boyne.

STUDENT ELECTOR.

Clews, Elsie.

RECORDING SECRETARY.

Hammerslough, Carrie.

ADVISORY COMMITTEE.

Dean Smith, Chairman,	Dr. Gregory.
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EXTRACTS FROM THE CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.—*Object.*

The object of this Chapter shall be to increase among the alumnæ and students of Barnard College membership in the General Association, and further to promote as far as possible the interests of the General Association, and in particular of the New York settlement.

ARTICLE II.—*Members.*

Any member of the faculty, alumnæ or students of Barnard College may become a member of this Chapter by paying an annual due of not less than fifty cents.

ARTICLE III.—*Officers.*

The officers of this Chapter shall be one graduate and one student elector, a recording secretary and an advisory committee consisting of the subscribing members of the faculty and having the Dean of the college as chairman.

ARTICLE IV.

SECTION 3.—It shall be the duty of the student elector to preside at all meetings of the Chapter. In her absence her place shall be taken by the graduate elector; in the absence of both the meeting shall appoint a chairman *pro tem*.

ARTICLE V.—*Powers and Duties.*

SECTION 1.—The graduate elector and the student elector shall collect all dues respectively from the graduate and student members of the Chapter and shall unite in sending the same to the Treasurer of the General Association not later than March 1st.

GREEK CLUB.

CAROLINE GARNAR BROMBACHER, '95, *Proëdros*.

ANTONIE JUNGE, '95.

ELSIE CLEWS, '96.

ANNE PORTER SUMNER, '97.

Honorary Member

MORTIMER LAMSON EARLE, PH.D.

The Greek Club.

Barnard has always been distinguished for her interest in Greek, so the Greek Club took its place in the College ranks quietly, and without exciting any comment. It grew out of the informal weekly meetings held last year by three girls who wished to supplement their class-work in the Protagoras by other selections from Plato. It was regularly organized as a club for the study of Greek subjects in general on November 14, 1894.

By this formal organization the work of the original meetings has been systematized, but has lost none of its original profit and pleasure. The weekly papers which are a part of the programme, while they do not fall to the same member so frequently as to be a burden, yet give scope for the individual work which it is one aim of the club to encourage. According to the constitution the object of this association is "to foster interest in, and knowledge of, the Greek language and literature by affording an opportunity for the discussion of individual work."

The subject of this year's study has been the Theban legend as taken up by the three dramatists. There has been an introductory paper on each play, while some of the other subjects discussed were. "Teiresias and the Position of the Greek Prophet"; "Adoption Among the Greeks"; "Property Qualification of Citizenship."

One other provision of the Constitution ought not to be omitted, since it will, in time, be of interest to the College: that is, the gradual formation of a Greek library. At present this is still very small, but if all goes well, the members of the Club will soon be able to feel that they are not selfishly reaping its benefits, but are sharing them with their Alma Mater.

THE NOVEL CLUB.

LOUISE BENEDICT LOCKWOOD, *Trustee.*

FLORENCE COLGATE, *Treasurer.*

MEMBERS.

Caroline Garnar Brombacher,	Mabel Parsons,
Florence Colgate,	Alice Lillie Seligsberg,
Antonie Junge,	Celeste C. Swenson,
Louise Benedict Lockwood,	Jeanne Willard Tatlock,
Gratia Whithed.	

THE NOVEL CLUB.

About two years ago the Class of '95 found itself possessed of a large surplus of literary energy and a correspondingly strong inspiration to write. Unfortunately the required number of Rhetoric themes and "Poly-Con" essays was already on file, and as we had not the heart to increase the burden of our instructors with extra effusions, there arose the serious question as to how this energy should be utilized.

To let the inspiration pass and thus deprive future generations of valuable additions to literature was, of course, not to be thought of for a moment; consequently, after much discussion, it was decided to form the Novel Club. The officers consist of a trustee and a treasurer; students of the Third and Fourth year classes are eligible to membership upon a majority vote of the club; and there are *no regular dues*.

The Constitution requires that one novel be written during each college term, each member writing one chapter when called upon by the trustee. From one week to ten days is allowed for the writing of each chapter, which, when completed, is read aloud by the trustee at a meeting called for that purpose.

The authorship of the various chapters is kept secret until all have been written, when a meeting is called and the trustee reads aloud the completed work. Critical discussion follows each chapter. At the close of the reading the members write upon a slip of paper their conjectures as to the authors of the chapters, and she who makes the largest number of correct guesses receives a prize. A vote is then taken as to the best chapter and its author is crowned with a laurel wreath.

As yet we have not ventured upon publication, but we are looking forward to the time when students of literature will study our works along with those of the other nineteenth century novelists.

THE HAP-HAZARD.

Officers.

President, LOUISE PLACE.

Secretary, ADELAIDE WELLS BROWN.

Treasurer, ELEANOR FRANCES OSBORNE.

Members.

Baldwin, Agnes,	Myers, Susan Isabella,
Brown, Adelaide Wells,	Osborne, Eleanor Frances,
Bucknam, Edith Phœbe,	Place, Louise,
Chase, Alice Goddard,	Potter, Eva Sherwood,
Clews, Elsie,	Roe, Clara Louise,
Dowden, Florence,	Roper, Mary Rogers,
Elkus, Estelle,	Sackett, Edith Rice,
Hall, Cordelia Alma,	Seligsburg, Alice Lillie,
Hammerslough, Carrie,	Stettheimer, Ettie Walter,
Harris, May Bradford,	Stone, Mary Matilda,
Hart, Ada Hinde,	Stratford, Aline Croquet,
Junge, Antonie,	Sutphen, Anne Janet,
Kinsila, Juliet,	Van Riper, Bertha Steele,
Lathrop, Roselle,	Wendover, Jessie May,
Leaycraft, Agnes Crawford,	Wheelock, Adaline Caswell,
Mellick, Anna Cole,	Wilcox, Maude,
Meltzer, Clara Rebecca,	Wolff, Gertrude.

THE HAP-HAZARD.

The Hap-Hazard is the one purely social club in Barnard. It was organized in February, 1894, at a meeting of the Class of '96, who thus became its charter members. With one officer only, and with no constitution, the Hap-Hazard started in its mission of bringing together the students of the various classes and departments of the college. Its membership, therefore, was practically unlimited. Three successful meetings were held in the spring, the membership grew and apparently the Hap-Hazard had come to stay.

But after the vacation, it was found that the club and its purposes appealed to us very little, and it was generally conceded that the hap-hazard methods hitherto followed were the underlying cause of the decline in popularity. The undergraduate teas now offered a monthly meeting-place to all the college students, and the formation of the Alumnæ Association brought together graduates; it was felt, therefore, that the old Hap-Hazard was no longer desirable.

It reorganized and adopted a limited membership, narrowed the conditions of eligibility and fixed the meetings at the college,—not as formerly at the homes of the members. Since then the club has been more successful, and as it seems to have a veritable *raison d'être*, we hope that it will be endorsed by the college.

BARNARD COLLEGE BANJO CLUB.

Director, AGNES CRAWFORD LEAYCRAFT, '98.

Banjos.

Agnes Baldwin, '97, Anne Janet Sutphen, '96,
Edith Derby Newcomb, '98, Anna Irene Von Sholly, '98.
 Louise Elizabeth Lacey, '98.

Guitars.

Agnes Crawford Leaycraft, '98 Edith Rice Sackett, '97.

Mandolins.

Eva Sherwood Potter, '96, Helen St. Clair, '98,
 Bertha Steele Van Riper, '96.

THE BANJO CLUB.

There is a deep moral purpose underlying the Banjo Club. The girls seem to realize that as they are situated at present there is danger that their intellectual needs will be provided for to the entire exclusion of the proverbial "college life." And the Banjo Club is one result of their endeavors to promote social life among the students.

But it is not to be presumed for an instant that the club has imbibed anything of the supernaturally serious, lofty, and indeed almost melancholy character of its motive. The formation of the club did not involve any exertion whatever. The affections of the Barnard girls are not so black, nor the motions of their spirits so dull, nor their inclinations so confined to strategy and treason as to render it in the least a matter of surprise.

The Dean, fearing that the captivating strains of music might so entrance both instructors and students as to make progress in recitations impossible, has consigned this long-suffering club to a remote corner of the building on the top floor.

Now the club has too high an opinion of its own powers to "waste its sweetness on the desert air," so, as it is forbidden to serenade the occupants of the college building, the windows are opened wide. As a result, even the poodle-dogs that take their daily promenade on Madison Avenue are seen to prick up their ears and the horses to slacken their pace as they pass by.

The repertoire is at present exceedingly limited. Perhaps the girls have not yet brought Beethoven's Seventh Symphony to the pitch of perfection and the performances may be strongly suggestive of the Chinese "school." But they are not discouraged and will soon announce a recital at the Waldorf.

THE BARNARD COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETY.

<i>President,</i>	ALINE CROQUET STRATFORD.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	PRISCILLA FLETCHER.
<i>Critic,</i>	CLARA LOUISE ROE.

In 1894 the class of '97 instituted a debating club, composed of members of their own class only. It was successful enough to warrant their continuing its existence this year, and has been reorganized under the title of *The Barnard College Literary Society*. It is now much wider in its scope, and aims not only to conduct debates, but also to do work purely literary in character. All undergraduates of the college are eligible to membership. It is hoped by the small but earnest number of supporters of the society that it will be helpful to those interested in literary matters, and may in time be an influential factor in undergraduate life.

THE "ARTHUR BROOKS LITERARY SOCIETY."

OFFICERS.

<i>President,</i>	HELEN ST. CLAIR.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	IDA ELOISE WELLS.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	FANNIE ISABEL ALWARD.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Officers.

Jessie Wallace Hughan,	Susan Isabella Myers.
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MEMBERS.

Fannie Isabel Alward,	Roselle Lathrop,
Clara de Lissa Berg,	Susan Isabella Myers,
Edith Helen Boetzkes,	Grace Pollard,
Louise Fuller De Hart,	Jane Isabelle Sargent,
Adeline Heinold,	Helen St. Clair,
Jessie Wallace Hughan,	Stella George Stern,
Agnes Crawford Leaycraft,	Anna Irene Van Sholly,
Louise Elizabeth Lacey,	Ida Eloise Wells.

The "Arthur Brooks Literary Society" is the youngest of Barnard's organizations. It has not had time to make for itself a history, and though it speaks in the Annual of 1895, it tells only what it hopes to accomplish in the future. But mindful of the adage, "Children should be seen and not heard," it will work in silence until greater age may entitle it to a voice. Until that time and, indeed, through all its existence, the name it bears will be an incentive to noble, earnest effort.

BETA EPSILON CHAPTER
OF
KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA FRATERNITY.

MEMBERS.

Caroline Garnar Brombacher, '95,
Elsie Clews, '96,
Florence Colgate, '95,
Mary Bergmann Dobbs, '97,
Louise Brisbin Dunn, '97,
Antonie Junge, '95,
Louise Benedict Lockwood, '95,
Anna Cole Mellick, '96,
Eleanor Frances Osborne, '97,
Mabel Parsons, '95.
Clara Louise Roe, '97,
Mary Rogers Roper, '96,
Jeanne Willard Tatlock, '95,
Bertha Steele Van Riper, '96,
Adaline Caswell Wheelock, '97,
Gratia Whithed, '95,
Maude Wilcox, '97.

THE SCEPTIC'S POINT OF VIEW.

It is already nearly six years since Barnard College began to be. This is not a long time in the life of a college, but it is long enough to give some earnest of what a college can be and do—to prove its right to exist. In the case of a woman's college the right to exist is still likely to be called in question much more readily than in the case of foundations of the traditional sort, and the justification of such right depends far more on the students than on the teachers. At the time when Barnard College was founded there was a belief in certain quarters that there was a real and earnest demand for a woman's college of high grade in New York; if such belief has been fully justified, it can have been so only by the earnest support of a considerable number of intelligent students. So far as the general public is concerned numbers count for a good deal; but the teacher should and does consider quality rather than quantity. Nor is the fairest judgment always made by him that most inclines to leniency.

Let us suppose, then, that of those that came up to the building of the college there were some that doubted and distrusted the value of the work to which they had put their hands,—some that regarded women's colleges in general from what has been styled the "conservative" point of view. Suppose, too, that these people had a rather notoriously "conservative" subject to teach, one in which they hoped to see but little fruit of their labors in the minds of either sex. Is there anything in the history of Barnard College hitherto that might have tended to change such an attitude of mind?

To this question, I for one, am glad to believe that the answer should be a hearty affirmative. Barnard College has not had time to make great scholars: it is quite possible that it never may make such. But that earnest stu-

dents—and the students that have been enrolled at Barnard College have never been lacking in earnestness—have, by true devotion to that rich literature and learning which is our best inheritance from the antique world, already laid here the foundation of real culture—that is a fact proved and tested in such wise as fully to lay the doubts of the sceptic.

For the teacher to say more than this, were to flatter; to say less were to be unjust. May the spirit of the students of Barnard College ever be one of fidelity to their traditions, and may the old learning, “the humanities,” hold a firm place in the future as in the past.

Martina Lauren Earle.

A SONG OF INNOCENCE.*

THE CHILD SPEAKS.

Unready for life with its bustle and jar,
Having breathed the Dream-World air,
In a World of Dreams I've lived so far,
And the World of Dreams is fair.
But I am a part of the infinite sum
That is called Humanity,
And the call to enter life will come—
The life of Reality.

The time is approaching. I'm losing the hold
On imaginings, fancies and dreams
That composed the life that I knew of old;
But the Real—so strange it seems,
That I cry: Leave me some of my childish hopes,
A few of the child's beliefs;
Perhaps they may prove the saving ropes
When I'm wrecked upon Real Life's reefs.

*By permission of the *Columbia Literary Monthly*.

A GIRL'S EDUCATION.

I am grateful to the editors of the "Barnard Annual" for asking me to write a few words for them, because their request gives me an opportunity to thank the members of the three college classes with which I have come in contact for their constant courtesy to me under the somewhat discouraging circumstances that the routine of work in English Composition makes inevitable, and to praise their intelligence and their industry. Few colleges, I believe, are as fortunate as Barnard in the material of which their classes are composed; no American college for women, I think, can boast a higher and more even intellectual attainment on the part of all its members.

When I have said this much, however, I have really covered the field which the editors' kind request throws open to me. I should scarcely venture to add a word, were it not that the interest of the teacher of rhetoric in his classes rarely ceases with the accomplishment of his professional task. His duty is to help his pupils to express their thoughts and their emotions, and in that effort he continually finds himself obliged to study the characters of those who are working with him, noting with care the range and quality of their interests and their progress toward intellectual maturity, watching, in short, the process of education which they undergo. An instructor's interest in the method and stages of a girl's growth, thus aroused, rarely ends with the cessation of his official duties. He grows accustomed to watching his classes after they have passed from under his control, and noticing with pleasure the steps of their intellectual development.

Some years of such experience in teaching girls has led me to wondering whether their education, which always starts off so bravely, accomplishes in general the desired end. Experts in educational matters are better judges

than I, but I can surely do no wrong in briefly submitting to you the set of questions with which each year I vainly puzzle myself. Perhaps, indeed, I shall do you a kindness, for much of the work at Barnard College is elective, and the choice of electives never ceases to puzzle even the cleverest heads.

These are the questions I ask myself:

1. Should a girl's education equip her for scholarly research or for life?

2. If the latter be the case, is it, or is it not, evident that the duties and pleasures of a woman's life are in the mass essentially different from those of a man's life?

3. If a woman's career be different from a man's, as a rule, should not her education differ essentially from his, either in method or in kind of study?

4. If, to neglect the question of method, a girl's education should differ from a boy's in point of what she studies, should not a good part of her later college work be given up to such studies as tend directly to give her the knowledge she will most need in later life, as the mistress and administrator of a household?

5. If this be the case, do not all the American colleges for women need greatly to extend their curriculums by adding such elective courses in chemistry, architecture, physiology, hygiene, and sanitary science, as will allow the girl who does not look forward to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy to discharge with the greatest efficiency the duties of the house and the home which life will inevitably impose upon her, and which demand, for their proper performance, not merely common-sense, but knowledge, not merely good wits, but a broad and sound education? The public health and the public comfort are largely in the hands of women. Do our colleges fit them for their duties and their responsibilities?

G. R. Carpenter

EURIPIDES' ALCESTIS.

(*Iv. 213-237.*)

O Zeus, what way is there of rescue
From ills that my lords bear?
Comes some one forth? Nay, not yet surely
Shall I my hair
Cut for her sake and o'er her darkly
Folds of black robes lay.
Clear, ah, too clear, O friends, the issue.
Yet may we still pray,
For of the Gods the power is greatest.
O Pæan, King,
Seek out some cure of evils for Admetus.¹
Bring it, ah, bring,
For of old time this grace you found him.
Now, too, thyself prove
From death redeemer; from his purpose
Hades most dread move.
Alas, alas, O son of Pheres, what hast thou suffered
Robbed of such a wife?
These woes, are they not surely worthy
To cost my life,
And to a noose more high than heaven
My throat bring nearest?
For thou this day shalt see a woman die
Not dear, but dearest.
See, see, from out the palace
Wife and husband come.
Wail, O lament, Pheræan land, this fairest
This noblest one.
Who, by disease worn thin, fast fadeth
To Hades' home.

COLLEGE RESPONSIBILITY.

Many of us are very tired, I think, of hearing of the "latest production of the age, the New Woman,"—at least in her aspect of "not a lady, and not quite a gentleman"—and forced as she is upon us as college-bred women, we rebel and disclaim all responsible association. We deny, in fact, that we are the New Woman in the making; we assert that we are "just like other girls." And when the public queries "And what are you going to do with it all?"—the "it" being presumably an undefinable conglomeration of Greek tragedy, differential calculus, and social economics—we retort, "What does a man do with it all?"

This desire not to pose to the public in the line of unique development is certainly laudable and profitable. But still are we to really seem to ourselves and to each other "just like other girls?" No; for, to use the fond phrase of the Sunday School book, we should avail ourselves of our opportunities. Seriously, we *have* better chances than other girls. These better chances are not in the storing away of certain quantities of knowledge in our brain-boxes, but in the means which are given to us of understanding the full significance of the purposes of education, of its ultimate aims and uses.

To be sure, a student of uniform A—ranking according to the Bulletin Board, may reach the end of her four years characterized little more than a storehouse of facts and figures, knowing withal no service to put them to; but she alone is responsible for this failure in her college life. These four years of college life ought not to leave us adrift, without aim or purpose. By all means should we know "what to do with it all"; that is to say (in the trust that the results of these four years have been in growth, not in accumulation), what to do with ourselves.

I take it that very little good work is ever accomplished without a definite object in view and a firm purpose to reach that object. Now it seems to me that we undergraduates should have two objects in view, objects closely correlative and mutually dependent, self-development, education in the fullest and truest sense of the term, and a realization and concentration of what is best in us as personalities upon some chosen line of work, of work which in graduate days we shall call our life work. Surely some such formulated purpose cannot but give a high value to our four years of college life.

TO HORACE.

O poet, bards there are who sing
That eyes may fill with tears,
And bards there are whose deep tones ring
To cause unrest and fears,
And some to rouse to martial life
Still sing of bloody years.

But each man's life hath grief enough
To make his sad tears flow,
And each man when his path is rough
Doth fear to onward go,
And full too oft doth war's grim spear
Lay youth and courage low.

Then to thy strains of joy and cheer
And comfort let hearts turn
To feel a smile supplant each tear
And hope in fear's place burn,
In peace and love from each new day
Some happy truth to learn.

The year has been notable to Barnard College chiefly on account of the extremely material and practical character of its progress. It is indeed to be hoped that there has been no falling off in scholarship or in the earnestness of purpose which is characteristic of the college, or that the healthy growth from within outward has in any way declined. Probably a student cannot decide this. But this other advancement of which we wish to speak here has been too thoroughly tangible and means too much to every student for her not to feel its influence. So that it is but fitting in a book like this "Annual," whose purpose it is to be at least a faithful almanac of the little world at Barnard, to mention these somewhat in detail.

We feel in the first place that we cannot too emphatically express our admiration of the new Dean, Miss Emily James Smith. Someone remarked the other day that before Miss Smith came to Barnard no one had ever heard of the place, but now people talked of nothing else. Perhaps the most striking quality of Miss Smith's management is its foresight. The outlook on her arrival last fall must have been discouraging. Some would have considered it absurd to look ahead before attempting to remedy the present necessity. But the Dean has already completed certain features, some soon to be put into practice and others even now in working order, which will enormously increase the importance of the college. One of these is the school of political science, to begin operations next year with a corps of instructors fairly superior to any other in the country. Miss Smith has also gained a number of influential friends for the college, who have given a most acceptable pecuniary expression of their interests. Indeed her success in this direction has been so great that the "buildings" and the "site" which we had faintly hoped our children's children might one day see are daily becoming something more than castles in the air. And there is another item which may look out of place among those of apparently so much greater importance. Though



Debra Phila

these undertakings have demanded a large amount of attention on the part of Miss Smith, the students have never considered themselves neglected in the least degree. The door to the office always stands wide open and Miss Smith cheerfully allows herself to be interrupted a thousand times in a day by deputations from the classes or societies, culprits, the Annual editors, girls perplexed over everything from these down, none of whom ever fail to receive satisfaction. Seemingly little things of this sort too often go unappreciated, and the students take this opportunity of expressing their thanks in a semi-official way.

The nucleus of the political science school is already assured by the presence of Professor Giddings. He has created an interest in the subject of sociology among the undergraduates which will go a long way in supporting the new movement. It bids fair to be the most popular subject at Barnard. We do not attempt to conceal our satisfaction at his arrival: it is flattering to us to be considered worth coming to.

This last remark applies to Mr. Dodge and to Mr. Brewster, who has been welcome here as at Columbia as a most felicitous addition to the "best English department in the country."

In view of these facts is it remarkable that Barnard has become a most popular subject for discussion? Its development is watched with great interest.

A TRIOLET.

I used to think that I could write
The verses called a Triolet.

By mentioning a flower bright,
I used to *think* that I could write
A poem; alas, unlucky wight,

I still am stuck at "violet."
I *used* to think that I could write
The verses called a Triolet.

The teas which are held every month at Barnard are, properly speaking, salons. The company is a decidedly literary one, consisting of college students and instructors, and the relatives and admirers of both, all of whom talk shop industriously in apparently the persistent effort to maintain the everlasting "earnest spirit characteristic of Barnard." The feast of reason predominates over that of loaves and fishes. What more is needed in proof of our first assertion?

But they are not stiff. The person who has had the most stupid time would agree to that. The worst thing they are accused of is heat. But who would want cool rooms by foregoing a crowd? and these teas—salons I mean—are always delightfully packed. Their success has exceeded the most sanguine expectations. For the delectation of the uninitiated we will proceed to a detailed authentic description.

A Barnard tea is divided into three parts, exactly like a theme: Introduction or Preparation, Tea Proper, and Winding Up. The preparation begins at half after one, when most of us finish reciting for the day. The committee "fly around" distractedly, beseeching the girls to make haste with their luncheons, and point to a notice to the effect that "the study-rooms are to be left clear after 1:30, by order of the Dean." Then James brings the rugs from all over the house and two girls lay them. One of those to receive is sent up stairs to prink that someone may be in readiness to welcome the earliest comer. Half a dozen arrange the tea-table, light the candles, experiment with the alcohol lamps, and hold frequent hurried consultations with Mrs. Kelly. Two more bring an armful of blue and white cheese-cloth from the closet to hang over the hideous stretches of black-board, find they have no tacks, sit down to gossip while waiting for them. Then two more follow in their wake holding tacks and advising. Usually the last fold is adjusted just as the first guest arrives, and they drop their hammers and run. Another group of girls

arrange the flowers and chairs and the two tables in the front room. One is of necessity left a writing table ; on the other are artistically distributed certain books. We can be sure of finding somebody's *Wealth of Nations* chosen for its charming light blue back, someone else's *Gods in Greece*—a beautiful red, some few Macmillan books with their "villainous" flaming covers, and even *Nanon* in its dirty greenish grey is found to be useful for once in its life and is very effective between two red books. The shades are drawn. It strikes three.

Tea Proper : There is not much to say about the tea proper, as it differs from other functions of this name in degrees only. Few others, we think, can boast of so distinguished an assemblage. Columbia men accuse us of "having a pull." We will not vouch for the truth of this statement. If it be true, however, we deserve it for our energy in pulling our guests around to view the beauties of the place. We take them to see the marks posted in the hall, and the bulletin-boards, and the self-government rules, and the *Venus*, and our various private lockers, and explain where we eat our luncheon. Then we stealthily point out celebrities. One well-known savant was so highly entertained by this that he swore he would come always and has adhered to his resolution. Another made a similar declaration but has unfortunately been sometimes detained by frozen ears. The actions of many others speak louder than their words. Imagine the keen disappointment and sense of loss we sustained when first we saw, drinking tea like any mortal, the hero whom our fond illusions had pictured as living on ambrosia and nectar—the very food of the gods.

Conclusion : About 6:30. Many are here still ; some too dazed with admiration to go, others because they can't get away. About seven, some venturesome spirit puts out the candles and begins to despoil the table. The crowd vanishes like the morning dew. The girls gather in the hall and divide the cards in the receiver.

DR. B———E.

O or ∞ ?

Infinity minus infinity may be equal to a finite quantity. Do you all understand that? Well, even if you don't, you'd better remember it, for you may need it in the Differential Calculus. Now then, Miss X, will you demonstrate Sturm's theorem? It is difficult, I know, but there are only a few parts and they're easy to remember and very simple. Now then, if you should have a case like this—but you couldn't—at least, you never would—but if you should, what would you do? Do you think that demonstration was rigorous? Take a pointer, please. Now then, what happens when x reaches the limit? Of course it won't, but you have to suppose it will. Well, we haven't finished. Next time please work more quickly, so that we can get around; and the time after (raising his voice) we will have an examination!

AN INCIDENT.

Students taking this course are required to hand to the Instructor, before 3 P.M. on Tuesday, January 28, 1895, an original essay on one of the subjects named below.—*From the Prospectus for the Midyear Examination in Philosophy II. (Ethics).*

It was the last hour of grace, and Miss X. was hurriedly copying the conclusion of her essay, when Mme. Modiste's boy arrived with some work and a bill whose total had not been calculated. Miss X. hastily seized a sheet of paper, determined the amount of her indebtedness, wrote a check and gave it to the boy.

In a few days she received from Madame a very indignant note to the effect that Miss X.'s charges that "the judgments should have been different, and in fact were dishonestly made," were untrue and uncalled-for, and indeed quite incomprehensible.

DR. ———.

This gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts.

Now, let us turn to the Ninth Ode of the Third Book. Miss X, will you begin? Louder, if you please, I can't hear a word you say above the noise in the street. Miss Y, your translation is villainous! Now I shall read to you myself for awhile. This is one of those odes that ought never to be translated. There is some doubt as to the case of this word, but, as men are known by the company they keep, so are words, and so I should favor the latter interpretation. Why not the other way, Miss Z? Well, it doesn't matter. If my memory serves me right I have an idea that I took it so myself last year. Will some one please close the window? after thirty minutes, patience ceases to be a virtue. This passage is beautifully vague: probably that is why the editor would reject it, but then *this* editor is an idiot as regards the text anyway. Miss X, can you cite parallels for this passage? You ought to have them at your tongue's end—Odes I., 14-23; Odes IV., 2-7; Odes II., 4-11; Odes III., 20-3—any number of them. Well, there's the bell and I suppose we must stop, for I'm mortally afraid of the Self-Government Committee. It is really too bad to rush through Horace in this way, but as they are steaming away up above, I suppose we must too, or you won't be ready for the little circus at the end of the year.

A SKETCH.

He was a silent old man. He sold flowers on the street corner. The Barnard Freshman lived in the block. Every morning she bought violets from him. Her purchases had become so regular that he always waited for her before the house. At length he came to ring the basement bell and

leave his violets, each morning. That was how she came to speak to him.

Once when he asked if she went to school she told him about Barnard. When she spoke of Columbia his eyes grew bright, he opened his coat and showed her a pin engraved, "Columbia, '66." He was a silent old man; he said nothing. One morning he saw her Horace and asked if he might look at it. He read two lines eagerly, then his eyes filled with tears; he hung his head and handed back the book. He had forgotten it.

A RECENT IMPORTATION, LATELY LANDED.

"I think I'd better call the roll now, ladies. To-day I lecture on John Smith. I don't know much about him, as there is absolutely nothing about him in the Columbia Library. He was born in 1790. I don't care to have you remember that, but I'd better tell you he was educated—I think he was educated—that is, he spent some time in France. He brought out his first book in 1820—when he was thirty, you see. That doesn't indicate a passionate temperament. A man who doesn't write before he's twenty-five, usually never will. He married in 1835. He's one of those men who never have any business to marry at all.

"I'll read a few extracts from his works:

‘ Hey diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon.
The little dog laughed
To see such a craft,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.’

"For lightness, rapidity and of touch, that is probably as fine as anything in our literatu'.

‘ Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
And so between them both
They licked the platter clean.’

“He excels in scenes of common life, as you see, but the commonplace rarely lends itself to sustained effort.

‘ Little boy blue, come blow me your horn,
The sheep in the meadow, the cows in the corn ;
Is that the way you mind your sheep,
Under the haycock fast asleep ? ’

“Well, the long vowels in this make it difficult to read well. It takes one of those large Southern voices. That’s a wonderful example of vivid, concentrated description. You’ll find them over and over again in his works. Everything was to him a separate, beautiful entity.

“Well, I’ll finish him up next time, and begin on Jack Robinson. I don’t care whether you read him up or not. And the time after I lecture on William Shakespeare. Do any of you ladies happen to have heard of him? I confess I never have. But he’s on the list they gave me up at Columbia, so I suppose I shall have to work him up.”

DR. _____.

“Who is the wise man? Who knoweth the interpretation of a thing?”

Time, 11:47 A. M. The room is full of girls laughing and talking, with an occasional glance at the clock. “Just three minutes more,” says one, “and we can go.” The door bursts open and in rushes the instructor, panting from his brisk walk and the climbing of three flights of stairs. “Where do we begin? Section 26? *καὶ τότε δὲ γὰρ οὖν δὴ γέ ἤδη αὖ τοίνυν ἄρα ἀλλ’ ἀνάγνωθι τὸν νόμον.* Will you begin, Miss A? Read the Greek, please. Are you sure that you have shown the full force of all the particles? Vile-Vale has a good note on the subject. What would be the Latin equivalents? If I had my way, you should be required to spend some time every day in putting Greek

into Latin and *vice versa*. This is very strange—I have never before seen this word except in the middle—very singular, indeed. Still (languidly), I suppose there are parallels. (Signs of surprise.) Why, here is a parallel on the next page! (Spends several minutes in making notes in margin.) Well, Miss A, ἀνὰ γράσει τὸν νόμον translate please. It would be much more natural to have *τίνα* instead of *τίτι*; probably some mediæval scribe made a mistake in copying; however, the manuscript evidence is for *τίτι*—(pauses several minutes in deep meditation, while he plays a tattoo on the table). Still, I think I should emend. (More notes in margin.) This is probably a relic of the Homeric subjunctive. Vile-Vale has a good note on the subject. You know— (Bell rings! Instructor begins to read rapidly. Second bell rings. Still continues to read. Two girls get up and leave. Another's book falls to the floor with a crash.) Well, I suppose we shall have to stop there. We will go on from there next time. I didn't get over quite as much as I expected to to-day. And next time please come to class promptly. The hours should not encroach upon one another this way.

A COLUMBIA PASTEL.

(With apologies to Miss Wilkins.)

They walk across the Campus, the bright, animated maiden and her gloomy companion. They walk across the Campus, and one talks gayly and one gazes disconsolately at the building they approach.

At the top of the terrace they separate, and one, descending, calls back softly, mischievously: "Pleasant dreams!"

And one walks across the Campus,—to Prof.—'s class.

Mr. B——t.

“My little body is a-weary of this great world.”

— *Merchant of Venice*.

[Four girls file in with tired walk. Instructor, asleep on platform, rubs his eyes and yawns.]

“Well, Miss X, you might as well begin, I suppose. Does any one remember where we left off? Yes — [yawn]. I wouldn't translate ‘winke’ winks, if I were you; it doesn't mean just that. Let me think; we have a word which exactly expresses it, but I can't think of it now. Never mind [yawn]. Oh, that stuff about the wheel makes me think that when I was at Harvard most of the men didn't know whether a *χιτών* was a shirt or a long mantle. And that makes me think of Barnum's Circus. [Signs of animation]. I suppose some of you have seen it. If you haven't, you'd better go. [Total relapse into comatose state.] Well, Miss Z, will you go on? This passage about flowers makes me think of the old Norse. They used to call a ship a dragon and a dragon a ship. There are plenty of examples of the same thing in Sanskrit, Hebrew, Middle High German, Platt Deutsch, Icelandic, Spanish, French, Italian, Greek, Latin, and you'll find them especially in the Veddas and Niebelungen Lied. Well this isn't exactly to the point, and anyhow there's the bell.

H. H. B.

“He sits attentive to his own applause.”

“What is the opinion of Protagoras concerning wild fowl, and what thinkest thou of his opinion?” was the question put to a man under accusation of having made way with his own wits. Now we modestly disclaim at the outset any intention of discoursing upon the Protagorian philosophy,* however much we ourselves may incline toward the doctrines of the Sophists, and we likewise disavow all purpose of commenting on fowl since we are not of the epicurean school. It was the word “opinion” which caught our eye. The injustice of judging of a man’s sanity by his opinions has roused our ire. We, ourself, have had insane opinions. But, indeed, we have no desire whatever to quarrel with the good people who determine other people’s insanity, only we beg them not to,—that is to say, not to consider opinions in the matter.

But do not so far misunderstand us as to think that we decry insanity. Indeed, we hold that madness, like opinions, is largely a matter of fashion, and that were it in vogue it would often prove useful and even serve as an entirely satisfactory substitute for opinions. La Grippe, when in vogue, proved very beneficial to certain classes: as physicians and undertakers. But we maintain that, in point of greatest efficiency, the fashion-makers erred in selecting La Grippe and not insanity, for, suppose the latter in vogue. Then, if after the semi-annual revival of learning, a student, after recovering her wits, should discover that she had committed numerous errors, she would make known the fact of her temporary insanity, and not being responsible for her acts in such a state, the aforesaid errors would be nullified. Thus instead of favoring a few classes, as in the case of La Grippe, all four classes would be benefited. We are not alone in our position, for as great an authority on this matter has also declared that there is method in madness.

* See on this subject the work by Mr. Plato, to which we unhesitatingly give our indorsement. Note in this connection the emendation in the opening quotation.

Now though we admit we have a purpose in thus commenting at length on opinions, we are not seeking to steal away our readers' minds ; for we, ourselves, often feel a just indignation against persons who seek to make us the victim of a proselyting scheme. But often too, as now, we find ourselves seeking to bring our fellow creatures into a correct view of any given subject, for as Plato says, *διδάκτον τῇν ἀρετήν*. So we have sought by logic to prove the injustice of judging a person or persons insane because of any opinion held or to be held by said person or persons. Application of this principle toward which we have been leading, is this: that though the class of '97, on any given subject, has nearly as many opinions as it has members, is not, therefore, to be regarded as insane or in any way lacking in intellect. In the opinions of the class from questions of religion, ethics, and politics, downward, there is exceedingly great spice, that is variety. The class is made up of elements which form not a chemical compound but a mixture ; but though a mixture, yet a mass, that is to say, a unit.

But it were a fault to give our readers the impression that there is no subject upon which the class is agreed, as it were, no substance which will unite the class into a chemical compound. There are several such subjects which we shall enumerate: *Firstly*. The frogs have received a unanimous vote as the class-animal, despite the existence of instructors. This is, we judge, because the frogs are read as is also the class color. *Secondly*. The custom of spending the five or six weeks immediately following the mid-year renaissance in learning its A, B, C's has been unanimously condemned by the class. The alphabet, like other commendable things, grows dull with age. *Thirdly*. There is a strong, though we do not venture to say, a unanimous feeling in favor of the removal of the case of curiosities from the main corridor of the college building to the study. Now were we to champion this last issue, we would protest against any accusation of a lack of public

spirit. We strongly believe in museums and all other institutions for public culture. But there are those who, though knowing the proper contents of said case—by intuition in some cases—and solemnly declaring utter indifference to it, yet lose much valuable time in studying the curiosities, by a false step in logic—for not to see is not necessarily not to be seen—thinking themselves alone, thus the removal of the case would be for the general good, for the curiosity of man is without limit.

The reason we have seen fit to dwell at length upon the agreements of opinion of the class is that they are rare, and rare things are precious. But while their differences are not rare, and therefore familiar, we must remind our readers that the old familiar things are precious too. It was once said of a married couple that they never had any differences. "No differences," some one answered, "then much indifference." We pass over this marital problem with regret—we confess our bent for argument—and state quite simply that this principle that natural affection is quickened by differences, is applicable to the class. For wherein Nature hath not already divided them in mind, the students create for themselves differences that do not in reality exist. We here refer to debates of the small but sufficiently pugnacious literary society. And so since the differences of the class are not only real but also imaginary quantities, we fear the problem would carry us too deeply into mathematics for discussion here, if we were to pursue it further.

Thus have we treated our theme, the class, from one point of view; not that it is the only one—we are not so presumptuous as to say that—but because it is the best one. Instead we might have dwelt upon its efforts and aims which are high, its failures and despairs which are low, its attainments which are between. But we have allowed our readers to feel the pulse of the class as it were, thus assuring them of the onward movement, in short, the life innate, *πάντα ῥεῖ οὐδὲν μένει*. But we notice that this is likewise true of the oil in the class-lamp. And so, since as Henry Ward Beecher said, midnight oil is the worst kind of oil to burn, we shall not replenish it.

A PARODY.

Nothing to do but grind,
Nothing to study but books,
Naught to improve but the mind,
Naught to seem wise in but looks.

Nothing to win but A,
Nothing to flunk in but E ;
There's no time for college but day,
However zealous we be.

Nothing to take but notes,
Nothing but lectures to cut,
Naught in our meetings but votes,
Nothing to break up the rut.

Nothing to write but themes,
Naught but a sandwich to eat ;
Barnard each loves and esteems,
Though for campus we've only the street.

DR. ———,

A.B.C., D.E.F., G.H., I.J.K., L.M.N., O.P.Q., R.S.T.,
U.V.W., X.Y.Z., & etc.

Impersonator and Dramatic Reader.

Can be had for Select Parlor Entertainments *only*.

Now, "come to order, if you please!"
Remember when translating French,
That "on" is often rendered "we;"
"Diable!" "Parbleu!" "Allons donc!"
"The devil!" "Dickens!" "Come off now!"
The "pretintailles" are "furbelows,"
"A la bonne heure!"—"All good and well!"
"Et voilà où le lièvre gît,"
That is not "where the hare does lie,"
But rather "where the shoe does pinch."
"Lantiponnage" is "rig' marole,"
"Je vous remercie," "thank you no!"
"J'étouffe!" "Oh dear!" "J'enrage!" "I swear!"
"Vous en accommodez," "make shift!"
"O gourmande!" means "just stay awhile!"
And "je vous dis et je vous douze,"
Is like the German play on words,
When for "clavier" they say "clafuenf!"
Then, when there is an essay due,
And you don't want it "Horrible!"
Then classmates, keep these rules in view.
Let "not the passive voice" be found!
The future of "envoyer" is
"Enverrai, not envoierai!"
"Conformément is used with à!"
"Entendre dire," that means "to hear,"
"Entendre" alone means understand."
And never use the present when
You've something past to tell about.
When man doth inarry womankind,
"Se marier avec quelqu'une" use,
Or otherwise "épouser" take;
But "marier" only then do use
When clergymen do marry two.
And when you've said your say, then close,
But "don't forget your accents, please!"

THEORY vs. ACTION.

There was a garden haunted by the gods
Where daffodils and lilies filled the beds,
Where mossy seats like green jewels lay
Between red spicy pinks with drooping heads.

There, when the cold and silvery moon hung high,
Two lovers came, to talk as lovers will.
The man, tall, dark, with stern brown eyes,
The maid, with eyes of blue, all childlike still.

War was the theme they talked upon that night,
And how a man should bravely face his foe ;
The girl said that to flee at times was fair,
But scornfully the man replied, "Not so."

Now as they talked, forth came a gliding tiger
Like snake within the Eden of old days ;
The girl straight flung herself toward the monster
And cried, "Go, love ! for he is dead who stays."

The man, forgetting all their talk of fleeing,
Fled for his life, and left behind the girl,
And she, who'd only meant to test his valor,
Praised 'neath her breath "Consistency that pearl."

MY LOVE.

A RIDDLE.

I love my love,
 She's mine.
I dedicate to her
 This line.

In cold and heat,
 She's yet,
The warmest-hearted one
 I've met.

In cold I love
 Her best.
The reason why you must
 Have guessed.

No? Then I'll try
 Once more.
Each evening by her side
 I pore

O'er work or books,
 And while
I hear no sigh, nor see
 A smile,

Yet she is there
 I know.
Her warm breath that to me
 Doth show.

When she's not near
 I'm cold.
My heart lacks fervor, soon
 Grows old.

You think 'tis strange
 She's mute?
You call my wooing, cruel,
 Ill-suit?

Why, when at night
I seek
My love, she glows but does
Not speak.

You've guessed it now?
My fate
Is but the fire in
The grate!

THE VOICE OF THE FRESHMAN IS HEARD IN
THE LAND.

Upon first entering college, like traditional Freshmen, we were somewhat awed by the supercilious arrogance of the upper classmen; but we soon gave proof of our mettle by facing, unterrified, the "mysterious reception tendered by '97."

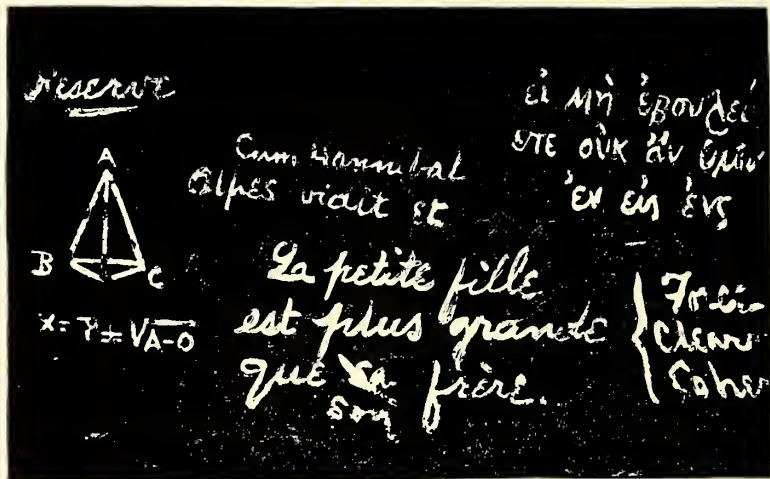
The first bit of knowledge gained by us was that the heights were not so difficult to attain; we reached them on the second day—after climbing three flights of stairs. When in our spacious buildings "on the heights" we no longer have to ascend this "ladder of learning," still, fondest memories will cluster round those little kindergarten chairs, planned so considerately for Freshmen of tender years, around those blackboards on which curly planes stretched away in gentle undulations toward infinity and Greek inscriptions hid behind doors from the eyes of curious instructors, around that "eccentric" time-piece and the long-suffering waste-basket. Will the Bloomingdale hand-organs greet us as melodiously as those whose dulcet strains are wont to mingle with our "naive" meditations on the Greek subjunctive? Will there be any assembly-room so dear to us as Mrs. Kelly's refrigerator, where we sat so often discussing politics, poetry, and professors? How ruthlessly were to be overthrown the fond notions of our childhood! Did we ever imagine that we

knew anything about Greek conditions, or the dignity of the ancients? Vain belief! Rules were as naught, 'twas the "primitive force" that counted, and the Romans talked end-of-the-century slang. From the wisdom of Cardinal Mathoo Arnold Newman (note the excellent example of chiastic order) we learned the horrors of prolixity and the beauties of the periodic sentence.

Children, however, learn quickly; these trifles soon cease to worry us, and having placed Ulysses on his native isle, and triumphantly ferried Hannibal and his precious elephants over the stream and set them on the other side of the Alps, we entered the law courts of Athens and visited the sunny slopes of the Sabine Farm.

We are a favored class. Our most distinguished member has so far merited the approbation of the faculty as to be allowed unlimited cuts and exemption from examinations—the Dean. "Oh, long may she wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave" (meaning Barnard) her sceptre of power and command.

Some folks say we're unsteady,
But they'd just better wait
Until they see the Honors
Taken off by '98.



'98's BLACKBOARD.

TWO TRANSLATIONS FROM THE FIRST SONG IN
“WILHELM TELL.”

I.

The sea is as fair as a maid in her charms,
Like a maiden she lies in the sun,
And she longs to embrace the young boy in her arms,
While his heart by sweet visions is won.

The water steals upon him slow,
With treacherous and silent flow ;
He wakes with soul by dreams elate—
Alas! he little knows his fate.

For no more on the bank where he laid him to rest
He lies in the clasp of a tender embrace ;
For the water is rippling over his breast,
And he knows the pale sea-spirit's face.

II.

Flutes, why pipe ye so soft ?
Flutes, why pipe ye so low ?
Can the fisher-boy hear ye and live ?
Can he 'scape from the water's flow ?

He wakes and knows his dream's a snare ;
The water-spirit holds him fast ;
Her lips are pressed upon his hair ;
She murmurs, “ Mine, at last.”

It is announced that Dr. Earle's connection with the College is to end with this term. The fact has been the cause of a thoroughly deep regret among the students—a curious sense of personal loss, as it were, which always must come at the termination of a relation as inspiring as this has been. The writer feels the inadequacy of what she can say here as an expression of the sentiments of everyone, but she hopes that it may be quite as convincing to Dr. Earle to put down what is said honestly every day in preference to the most sentimental valedictory. We want him to know that all the work he has put into Barnard is appreciated. Barnard girls, college girls, are to be sure not all brilliant students, but still they can recognize ability when they meet it. They believe that Dr. Earle will leave behind him not only the pleasant memory of a successful teacher and, it must be confessed, the somewhat discouraging tradition of a great scholarship, but a devotion to the whole subject of classical literature and civilization, which is exceptional, but under the circumstances inevitable. The students will be glad to read what Dr. Earle himself has said in another place in this book ; they will be gratified to know that they have in some degree indicated the spirit of enthusiasm which Dr. Earle has created and which must be any teacher's greatest compensation.

Dr. Baldwin, who has been with the college almost from the start, has brought us to such a pitch of perfection that he feels almost as a matter of conscience compelled to transfer his labors to Yale, who otherwise would have no Dr. Baldwin. In so crying a need it is of course not to be wondered at for a moment that Dr. Baldwin should be at once resorted to, but we confess ourselves greatly displeased. We ourselves have favored Dr. Baldwin with enough consultations to expect a similar courtesy before determining a matter of such importance. We held the

vague notion that Dr. Baldwin and Barnard stood and fell together. It would be selfish to wish that his new field would prove so distasteful as to oblige him to return, so, although the prospect is gloomy for us, we hope that it will prove quite the reverse to Dr. Baldwin.

Although to the students entering Barnard in '95 very many advantages will be offered of which the first three classes never dreamed, yet the pioneers feel that in some respects they have been very highly favored, notably in the vigorous character of the work, which has been done by those men who, while the College was yet an experiment, gave to it their encouragement and their best energies.

Barnard congratulates Dr. Fiske in that his ability is so fully recognized by Columbia as to make her demand all of his time ; but it is Barnard's great loss that he can no longer spare for her even a small portion of his attention. She is unwilling, moreover, to allow him to leave without some expression of the regret which she feels on losing him, and some slight acknowledgment of the debt which she owes him, both in his capacity as instructor and for the warm and willing interest in the College which he has always shown.

A PROPOSITION.

Dramatis Personæ.—Two Lunes.

He.

She.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Somewhere* this side of Infinity. The play opens upon a *touching* scene.

He. —“Do our hearts incline towards each other?”

She.—“By previous proof they do.”

He. —“The demonstration was not rigorous.”

(Thereupon she gives a more adequate demonstration.)

He. —“Did we form a complete circle?”

She.—“No, but I approached you as a limit.”

He. —“What then will be the conclusion?”

She.—“You have shown me on previous occasions that I am a variable quantity. Now I am constantly approaching you, hence we have a right to assume that, passing through the line of life together, we will eventually form one complete (family) circle.”

—*Q. E. D.*

A BUNDLE OF THEMES.

"Why can't I write as others do?"

She sighed—then wrote her daily page ;

The subject of her essay was

"The Voting Woman of Our Age."

Friday she seized her weekly pack,

To find this theme she glanced it through ;

"It's marked 'Conventional!'" she cried,

"Why *do* I write as others do?"

*
* *

I have been reading "De Quincey." It must be that the "Vision of Sudden Death" has affected my mind, else why should this picture come into my thoughts? I saw the reality years ago, and now it comes before my eyes with the same dreadful realism. I can almost hear the plunging of that carriage down the silent street. I can plainly hear that woman's shriek: "He is strangling me! He is strangling me!" And the electric light flashing across them as the carriage goes on its mad pace, shows me the figure of a man with his hands tightly clasping a woman's throat. It struck me then, that wintry midnight, with chill horror, and recurring again and again when I am in such a mood as this, fills me with the same chill and the same horror.

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* *

Yesterday my sister and I arranged to meet at the ferry-house at a certain hour. I arrived before the time appointed, and sat down on one of those seats around the

pillar in the centre of the room. I had been sitting there quite a while, when I noticed that everyone who went through apparently looked at me. Every woman looked me over very carefully. One man stopped and put on his glasses and carefully scrutinized my head. Another man, in a great hurry to catch the train-boat, even stopped long enough to count the buttons on my coat: that is, I thought so. I began to lose patience. At last my sister entered, and she too gazed at my head in the same way. In angry tones I asked her what was the matter with me? "Why, nothing," she replied. "I was looking at the clock just over your head."

*
* *

For three years she has been educating her two brothers and supporting herself,—three years of hard pulling from the very start. She has taught at a public school, taken singing lessons, given singing lessons, and led the choir. Yet through it all there has always been this one thought to comfort her, that it could not last very long. There would soon come the time when her brothers would be educated, and she would have nothing to do but use and train that beautiful voice of hers, whose future had been foretold by so many of the greatest artists. Now there are only a few months more before the hoped-for ending of all her trouble, but something has happened to the beautiful voice. She still sings in the choir, but each Sunday the notes are sadder and fainter, and it cannot be many weeks before they will die away forever.

*
* *

The Columbia Library is very badly managed. The chief difficulty lies in the system of page service. The Library, with great kind-heartedness, and great impracticability, employs the same pages year after year. But the pages grow up year after year, and, as a consequence, they are now no longer amiable little pages, who run at one's

beck. Nay, now they wear their trousers long and their hair pompadour; they do not run, they walk. They are supercilious, and altogether fear-inspiring. One must summon up all her courage to address them. They are pre-occupied with affairs of their own, affairs of the heart perhaps, and so the books they go for are always lost. When they tell you so, you dare not question them any further, but you smile and say "Thank you" and climb up stairs or down stairs yourself, and get your book after a delay of forty-five minutes.

*
* *

"Madeleine," said Anita, "what are you going to do when you are eighteen, and are out of school?" "Why, what do you suppose, Anita? I'm going to be married." Madge is thirteen. "Oh, are you!" cried Anita in scorn. "I'm not. I mean to do something with my life." Anita is twelve. Madeleine recently wrote a little sketch about Spring and Autumn, of which she is very fond, and which contains a sentence to the effect that spring is the season for love-dreams. "What do you mean by love-dreams," she was asked. "Oh, why, in the spring you think 'I'd love to be famous, and to do something good, but I haven't the energy.' You dream of all the things you'd love to do, but you only dream of them, you don't do them." Madeleine's conception of love-dreams will change. Present objects of Anita's admiration are Shelley's head and a picture called "The Soul's Awakening." It was amusing to see her enthusiasm over the latter. Some time in the future the soul's awakening will convey a deeper thought to her than does the rather affected expression on the face of the person in the picture. Madeleine and Anita—of what womanhood do they contain the germ?

*
* *

The tea table at college is very annoying. It isn't at all at home in our study. It looks as if it got in by mistake,

and were waiting to be removed. I wish it would be removed, for I am convinced that it brings out the petty elements of our nature. We stand about it at all hours of the day, and take up the teapot and look at it and put it down again, and examine one by one the six cups which keep it company, and compare the six poor little cups and saucers, so that by this time the cups and saucers must hate one another. When we have gone through the ceremony we initiate our friends into the fineness of cup, saucer and teapot science. Some day, when critics are thronging about and pressing around it, the tea table will get tired, it will grow weak, it will totter, upset in short, and the beautiful copper kettle will bend and break, and the six little cups and saucers will smash to bits, and the tea table shall have died a natural death.

*
* *

Every night this week I have awakened at just this hour. The clock in the next house is striking two, and so loudly and clearly it strikes that it quickens my pulse and I am wide awake. The light in the next room is shining through the cracks in the door. What can those women be doing, I wonder. It is the same sound that I heard last night and the night before, just exactly as if they were counting over money. It is the ring of silver pieces and the monotony of dropping one piece after another into something. I think of misers and hoarded treasures, and hope that the door between the rooms is locked. It seems strange that I have never tried it, but I will to-morrow. The sound stops. The light goes out, and all is quiet again, but sleep is out of the question.

*
* *

A rainy day, the literature class with a stupid old fellow for a subject,—a stupid lot of girls, one bored man, sit around the room as a result. It isn't polite to gape, and

they don't. Instead, the girls move their feet about, stare at the blank blackboards, and gaze dreamily at the wall of shiny wet bricks on the opposite side of the yard. It is not very hard for them, you see. They need not listen, that is all. But the man, the poor unfortunate man, who cannot look at the wall of wet bricks because he must read from a manuscript,—what does *he* do? He sees that the air is sleepy, so he tries to put his whole soul where it will not go. In the efforts to get it there he raises his eyebrows, leans forward on the desk, and slightly puffs out his lips (I don't know why) when he mentions where John Smith was born. One foot kicks his chair, one hand goes in a pocket, the other twirls the watch chain while he emphasizes when John Smith died. The bell rings; we all saunter from the room.

*
* *

Head on hand and eyelids drooping,
Far into the night he works,
Reading, reading, close-filled pages
Where, it seems, some madness lurks.

Now he smiles, his interest wakens;
Now he sighs; he almost nods;
Pleasure comes again,—he reaches
For the last sheet—ah! ye gods!

He has fainted! What was in it
Than the others so much worse?
Daily themes had claimed his labors,
And the last one was in verse!

HORACE, BOOK I, ODE IX.—MODERNIZED.

You see the muddy snow, how deep it lies,
The grocer's wagon scarce can make its way;
The pipe has burst, the water frozen hangs,
Confound that plumber! he shan't have his pay.

Go, Patrick, now and turn on lots more steam,
The pipes are cold; light the grate fire, too;
Turn up the lamps, no matter if they smoke—
My hands are stiffened and my nose is blue.

Throw "house" and "shop" aside, forget your cares,
And seize life's pleasures while you're young, my boy,
Count each day gain, don't try to know what's next
For youth's the time for merriment and joy.

It is youth's right to seek the moonlit Drive,
The shaded campus up the Hudson fair,
To "keep a date" with maidens in their homes
And whisper nonsense in their listening ear.

The laugh betrays the lovers on the porch,
Hidden from sight the corner dark within.
He snatches something from her finger white,
She, not resisting, takes his college pin.

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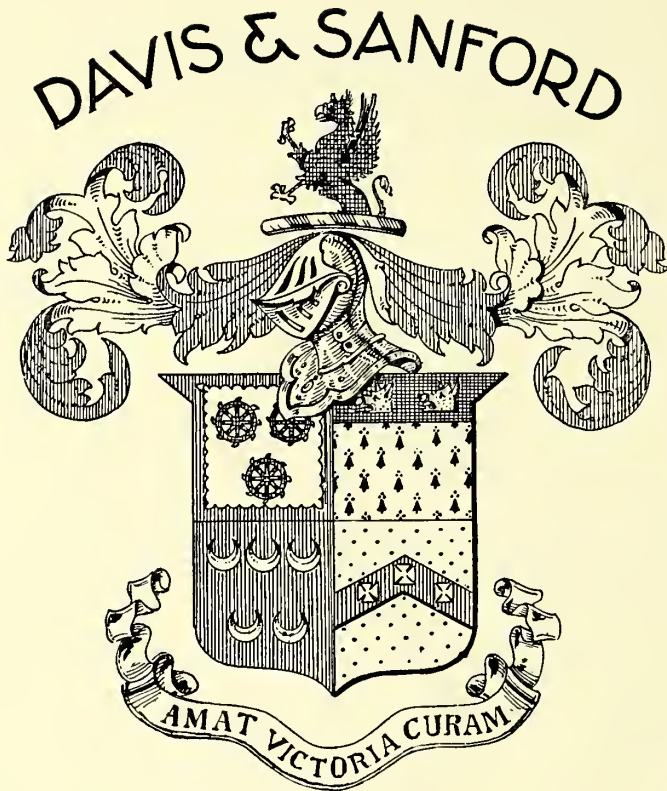
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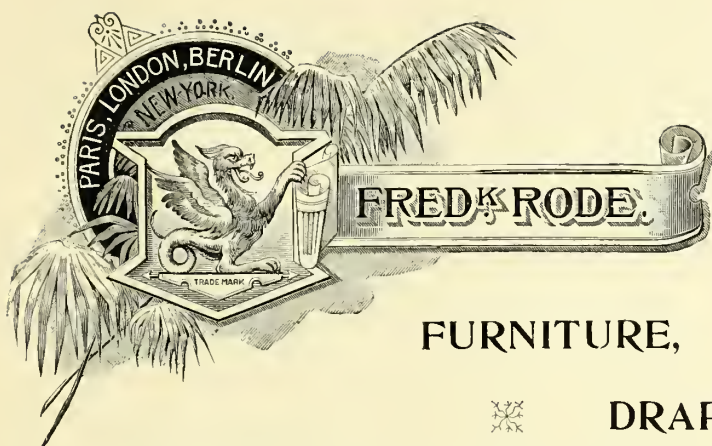
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